

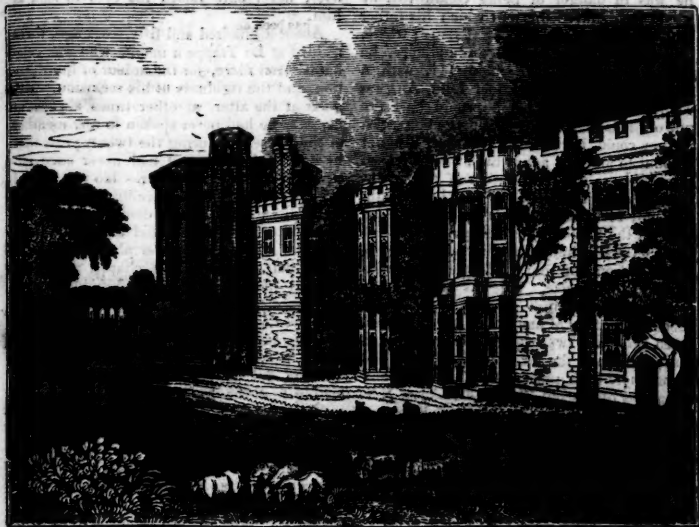
The Mirror

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

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THORNBURY CASTLE.

THORNBURY is a moderately sized town, in the lower division of the hundred of Thornbury, in the county of Gloucester, and twenty-four miles south-west of Gloucester. Its situation is very picturesque, being on the banks of a rivulet two miles westward of "the glittering, red, and rapid Severn, embedded in its emerald vale, and shining up in splendid contrast to the shady hills of the Dean Forest."

The town abounds in antiquities, the principal of which are parts of an unfinished castle and mansion, begun by Edward Stafford, Duke of Buckingham; the completion of which was prevented by his execution, in the year 1532. It exhibits a fine specimen of the last gradation of Gothic architecture in its application to castellated houses. The whole is a picturesque architectural group, with many beauties of battlemented tower and turret, and enriched chimney-shaft, in some parts clothed with luxuriant evergreens. The outer wall is in good preservation; and over the principal entrance, a well-proportioned arch, is an inscription recording the date of erection, &c. Of the fate and fortune of the noble founder, who fell one of the ear-

liest victims to the cruel tyranny of our eighth Henry, it may be interesting to borrow a few details from Sir James Mackintosh's History:—

"Edward Stafford, Duke of Buckingham, was the fifth in descent from Anne Plantagenet, daughter and heiress of Thomas of Woodstock, the youngest son of King Edward III. The line of his pedigree is marked in civil blood. His father was beheaded by Richard III.; his grandfather was killed at the battle of St. Alban's; his great grandfather at the battle of Northampton; and the father of this last at the battle of Shrewsbury. More than a century had elapsed since any chief of this great family had fallen by a natural death,—a pedigree which may be sufficient to characterise an age. Edward was doomed to no milder fate than his forefathers. Knivett, a discarded officer of Buckingham's household, furnished information to Wolsey, which led to the apprehension of his late master. As those who are perfidious must submit to the suspicion that they may likewise be false, it may be safely assumed that Knivett gave the darkest colour to whatever unguarded language, might have fallen from his ill-fated lord. The most serious charges against that

* Berkeley Castle, an historical Romance, by the Hon. Granley F. Berkeley, M. P.
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nobleman* were, that he had consulted a monk about future events; that he had declared all the acts of Henry VII. to be wrongfully done; that he had told Knivett, that if he had been sent to the Tower when he was in danger of being committed, he would have played the part which his father had intended to perform at Salisbury; where, if he could have obtained an audience, he would have stabbed Richard III. with a knife; and that he had told Lord Abergavenny, if the king died he would have the rule of the land.† All these supposed offences, if they could be blended together, did not amount to an overt act of high treason; even if we suppose the consultation of the sooth-sayer to relate to the time of the king's death. The only serious imputation on his prudence rests on the testimony of the spy. Buckingham confessed the real amount of his absurd inquiries from the friar. He defended himself with eloquence. He was tried in the court of the lord high steward, by a jury of peers, consisting of one duke, one marquess, seven earls, and twelve barons, who convicted him; although the facts, if true, amounted to no more than proofs of indiscretion and symptoms of discontent. The Duke of Norfolk, lord steward for the occasion, shed tears on pronouncing sentence. The prisoner said, 'May the eternal God forgive you my death, as I do!' The only favour which he could obtain was, that the ignominious part of a traitor's death should be remitted. He was accordingly beheaded on the 17th of May, 1521; while the surrounding people vented their indignation against Wolsey by loud cries of 'The butcher's son!'

The view of the Castle has been copied from a very effective lithograph, published by Mr. Davey, 1, Broad-street, Bristol.

* Herbert, 41.

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† *Id. ibid.*

The Sketch-Book.

AN INCIDENT AT LA TRAPPE.

"The prison," says Wordsworth, "to which we doom ourselves, no prison is." There are many instances recorded in which a degree of voluntary suffering has been borne, which, if compulsory, would be scarcely endured by nature. The celebrated monastery of La Trappe presented to the world an example of a system of self-denial and vigour being undertaken and sustained, compared with which the tortures of a dungeon were easy, and the horrors of exile were light; imposed by a resolution which never flagged, and endured with a constancy which nothing could abate.

The Count Albergotti, soon after his retirement from the world, was visited by one of his most intimate and valued friends; but

he refused to see him. This model of friendship, unable to endure a perpetual separation, actually entered the monastery and became a member of the brotherhood. But the count, during the long remainder of their mutual lives, never once raised his eyes to look at him.

About a hundred and fifty years ago, there resided at La Trappe a monk, who was celebrated even *there*, for the ardour of his devotion, and the rigidity of his seclusion. Regular at the altar, at other times always in his cell, he had never spoken to any member of the household during the twenty years that he had lived there, and had never once entered the room of a brother. He was an old man, and was rapidly declining in health. Though an invalid, and demanding all the relief which carefulness and attention could suggest, still he was never absent from the maternal services of the chapel, and never allowed himself the least addition to the plain accommodations which he had always enjoyed.

One morning he arose and found himself much weaker than he had ever felt before. But he did not for a moment think of desisting from the duties of his station, and he went forth before sunrise to attend the usual prayers. It was with difficulty that in returning he reached his cell. Slowly, and with tottering steps he entered, and closing the door behind him, he stretched himself upon his bed, which—like all the beds in the monastery—was a rough board, with no more covering than a single blanket. He laid himself down to die; but the monk was manifestly not at his ease. In a few moments the door opened, and the occupant of the cell next to him entered. It was the first time, for twenty years, that any other than the owner had passed that threshold; but the intruder did not seem to be unwelcome. It was a monk, who had been a resident at La Trappe for a period scarcely shorter than that of the other; and though always living next to him, and every morning, and every noon, and every evening walking in company with him to the chapel, neither had ever looked upon the other; neither had ever spoken.

He entered the cell, and approached the dying monk.

"Brother," said he, and the tone of the speaker had a tenderness unusual in that place of mortified affections—"Brother, is there aught in which I can minister to your comfort?"

"The period of comfort and discomfort," answered the other, "is for me rapidly passing away. I would raise my thoughts and my feelings from the world, and send them before me into that heaven where my spirit will soon repose: but there is one ligament which yet binds me to this sphere, and as I approach my final agony, it seems to become

tighter than ever. At my entrance into this monastery, I left behind me, in the world, a much-loved brother, involved in the whirlpool of dissipation and sin. The doubts which oppress me as to his situation, if indeed he still lives, are the source of the disquietude which now hangs over me. If a message from me at this time could reach him, I think that it would not be without effect. If you can convey one to him, tell him of the anguish which I feel for his condition; tell him of the infinite importance of religion; implore him," and the speaker, as he grew more excited, raised himself upon his arm, and fixed his eye keenly upon the stander-by, "implore him—yet—stay," pausing and gazing wildly, "who are you? 'tis strange," and he drew back and stared with eager doubt upon the other. "That face, I have seen it: yet no, it is not."

"It is!" exclaimed the other; "it is your brother. A few months had elapsed after your entrance into this monastery, when, wearied by the joyless pleasures of the world, and smitten by the noble example which you set before me, I resolved to dedicate myself to piety here. I entered the society. Chance assigned me the cell which adjoins yours. Ardent and tender as was the attachment which I felt to you, I determined, in penance for my sins, to impose upon myself the hard resolution of never addressing you until the moment of dissolution should arrive to one of us. For more than nineteen years I have heard through the apertures in the wall your daily prayers for my safety, and your nightly tears for my absence: agonizing as was the effort to repress my emotion, I kept my vow and was silent. My course is nearly run; the reward is at hand. In silence we have worked out our salvation upon earth; but we will speak, my dear brother! we will speak in heaven!"

The dying man raised his eyes and fixed them faintly on the speaker, then sighed: his brother felt a feeble pressure from the hand which inclosed his. A moment, and there stood but one living spirit in that silent cell.

Spirit of Discovery.

PROGRESS OF RAILWAYS.

[We extract the following interesting facts from a well-timed pamphlet, entitled, *An Appeal to the Public on the Subject of Railways*. By George Godwin, junior. It is remarkable more for its concentration of information respecting Railways than for any novel views of their economy; but, its wide circulation throughout Great Britain is likely to effect much good will towards the noblest invention of this scientific age, and a right understanding, of its benefit to the community. The subject is one of illimitable

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interest, and could only by the aid of some ingenuity, be compassed within fifty pages, the extent of Mr. Godwin's pamphlet.]

From an early period Railways of wood have been used, to facilitate the transport of coals and metals from the mine to the vessels by which they were to be conveyed to their destination; and even an iron Railway was used for that purpose at Colebrook Dale, as early as 1767.* In 1805, steam power seems to have been first applied on Railways, for the transport of passengers and goods from Darlington to Stockton; and at that time the maximum of speed attained was about eight miles an hour. It was not, however till 1830,† when a trial of several locomotive engines was made on the Liverpool and Manchester Railway (that proud specimen of modern power and skill), that the incredible speed of transport which might be attained on Railways, and the vast advantages which would result to society from their introduction, first glimmered even on the scientific world. Before the construction of that stupendous work, the transit of goods from Manchester to Liverpool (which is the port whence is shipped a large portion of the goods made at Manchester, and from which, in return, that town receives the raw materials to be worked upon) occupied by canal about thirty-six hours. By means of the Railway the time is lessened to one hour and three quarters, and the cost reduced, both for passengers and goods, nearly 50 per cent.; in consequence of which, in the carriage of cotton alone, 20,000*l.* annually have been saved to the manufacturers.‡ Garden produce and milk, which before had no market, are now, by means of the Railway, cheaply and quickly transported to places where they are needed, and become of value; and new sources of wealth and incitements to industry are thus opened to the poor inhabitants of the interior of the country. Coal-pits have been sunk; manufactories established on the line; and much inferior land (in consequence of the facility of transport for the produce, and the ease, too, with which manure can be obtained) has been taken into cultivation: even Chat Moss, a wild and dreary bog, through which,

* Hebert's Practical Treatise on Railroads, p. 8.

† History of Steam Engine, by Dr. Lardner.

‡ It may be mentioned, as a striking proof of the increased traffic which takes place when facility of communication is secured, that, notwithstanding the amount of goods daily transported on this railway, the quantity sent by the canals between the two towns has considerably augmented. A confirmation of the inference which may be drawn from past experience; that existing interests have, in reality, little to fear.

In regard to the increase in the number of passengers produced by the facilities afforded by railways, Dr. Lardner has taken some pains to show, that it has been fourfold; and that this is owing more to the saving of time than the saving of money. We ourselves believe that the increase will be found to be much greater than this.

for some distance, the Manchester Railway passes, and where, before nothing had been grown, now presents patches of wheat and comfortable residences.*

If "the true criterion of distance be time,"—and who can doubt it?—the port of Liverpool and the manufacturing town of Manchester are now hardly other than one place; and we will mention a circumstance which occurred not long since, to show the immediate convenience and advantage of the Railway to the inhabitants individually, independently of the great benefits which all derive from improvements tending to lessen the cost of production. A gentleman went to Liverpool in the morning, purchased, and took back with him to Manchester, 150 tons of cotton, which he sold, and afterwards obtained an offer for a similar quantity. He went again; and, actually, that same evening delivered the second quantity in Manchester, "having travelled 120 miles in four separate journeys, and bought, sold, and delivered, 30 miles off, at two distinct deliveries, 300 tons of goods, in about 12 hours."† The occurrence is perfectly astounding; and, had it been hinted at fifty years ago, would have been deemed impossible. Indeed, even now, one can hardly contemplate the passage of a ponderous locomotive engine, dragging after it fuel, water, and a vast train of carriages filled with passengers, for thirty miles, in little more than an hour, (which has occurred, and is constantly occurring), without mingled emotions of surprise and admiration. The magic carpet and the flying horse of the Arabian tales must cease to excite wonder.

One way in which the rapidity of conveyance thus gained increases the power of a country, has been forcibly pointed out by Mr. Babbage, and deserves mention. He says, "On the Manchester Railway, for example, above half a million of persons travel annually; and, supposing each person to save only one hour in the time of transit between the two towns, a saving of 500,000 hours, or 50,000 working-days, of ten hours each, is effected. Now this is equivalent to an addition to the actual power of the country of one hundred and sixty-seven men, without increasing the quantity of food consumed; and it should also be remarked, that the time of

the class of men here specified, is far more valuable than that of mere labourers."‡

Now, although this great rapidity of transport has been attained, this surprising alteration in the relative distance of places made, the art of transit by steam is in its very infancy; each year, each month, in fact, surprising improvements in the engines are effected; and if it be the character of the true philosopher "to hope all things not impossible, and to believe all things not unreasonable,"§ we may, without fear of laughter, look forward to the time (if prejudice and individual interest be not allowed to interfere) when our ordinary rate of travelling will be, *Kelipae-like*, a mile a minute, and expresses be transmitted with even double that rapidity.||

At this moment there are in England, it is computed, about 1,500 miles of Railway in progress in various directions; by means of which,—although it is to be wished, perhaps, that, in the first instance, the different lines had been arranged more advantageously in relation one to another,—a wonderfully increased facility of communication will be effected. Among the most important of these must be regarded the great lines connecting the metropolis with Birmingham, and, through Birmingham, with Liverpool and Manchester; with the Midland Counties; with Bristol; and with Southampton; and the important line, although of trifling extent, which will unite the greater number of these with the Thames, and with one another, known as the "Birmingham, Bristol, and Thames Junction." We know little of the directors of these various lines; we know not at all whether the undertakings be conducted economically and wisely—(to these points let the shareholders and the public look)—but this we *do* know, that, if properly managed, not only will they render all that permanent service to the country which, we have attempted to show, Railways must ever yield, but they will afford an abundant return for the capital invested. The journey to Liverpool will occupy, even in the present state of locomotive science, hardly ten hours! to Bristol five hours; and to Southampton, three hours. The union effected between the Liverpool and Southampton lines, by means of the "Thames Junction Railway," will open a communication between the interior of

* Chat Moss was formerly let for about 1s. 6d. per acre, (peat only was obtained from it); it now lets for 30s. The value of land in the neighbourhood of the railway is said to have doubled since its construction. The same effect has taken place on the Darlington road. When the company wished to form a second line, in consequence of the increased traffic, they were compelled to pay 50 per cent. more for land than they did for the first portion; and, on the line of the intended Manchester and Leeds road, it appears, from the *Railway Magazine*, (1835,) the occupiers of land have voluntarily proposed to pay an increased rent, if it be established.

† *Railway Magazine*, March, 1836.

‡ *Economy of Machinery*, p. 306. In the conveyance of letters, too, the importance of this increased rapidity and certainty is also very great.

§ Sir John Herschel's *Discourse on the Study of Natural Philosophy*, p. 8.

|| The means of communicating intelligence by telegraphs was regarded with astonishment, at the time of its first application; but it is presumed, and expected, that this mode will be soon superseded and surpassed, by an invention which is now in a course of experiment and trial. It is likely to be fully developed at the next meeting of the Scientific Association at Liverpool, in the ensuing September.

England and France; and shoals of our countrymen, who are now deterred by the expense from visiting foreign countries, will then be induced to travel, and so to correct old prejudices, and enlarge their ideas. Another line, which is projected, to pass through South Wales, and thus to afford a speedy communication with Ireland, will open, if carried into execution, new markets for Irish produce and English manufactures; while it will enable us at the same time to obtain in the metropolis *cheap coals* from South Wales: as we should also from Staffordshire.*

* The public are not generally aware, that railways are not confined to the traffic carried on by the companies by whom they were constructed; but, like turnpike roads, are open to any individual who may choose to start a locomotive engine, and pay such tolls as are determined on by the act of parliament. This will, of course, prevent overcharge on the part of the original company.—See the various Railway Acts.

Tombs of the English Kings.

[In our twenty-second volume appears the first of a series of Illustrations of the Burial-places of the English Sovereigns, commencing with William I., whose Monument, at Caen, will be found at page 193. In the subsequent volume, XXIII., the design is resumed, with the Tomb of William II., in Winchester Cathedral, at page 241. It is our intention to proceed with the series forthwith, having assembled copious materials for that purpose. The Engravings will be copied from Prints of accredited authority; and the accompanying details from standard historical works. In some cases, however, there do not exist, (to the best of our belief,) representations of the Tombs; and, in a few instances, the memory of the Sovereign has not been recorded by any monument. Under these circumstances, it will be our duty briefly to enumerate the facts of the death of the Sovereign, and the place of sepulture.]

HENRY I.

Of this monarch there exists no monumental memorial. Stow, in his *Chronicles*, (black letter 4to, earliest edition, 1600,) tells us that "Henry, remaining in Normandie, upon a day did eat lampraies, whereof he took a surfeit, and deceased the first day of December, (Sunday,) A.D. 1135. His bowels, braines, and eies were buried at Roane, (Rouen;) the rest of his bodie was powdered with salt and wrapped in bulles hides, because of the stincke which poysoned them that stood about. He was buried at Readinge (Abbey,) which he had founded."

In Baker's *Chronicles* (black letter folio edition, 1625,) Henry's burial is recorded in nearly the same words as above.

In Sandford's *Genealogical History of England*, by Stebbing, 1707, (British Museum,) there is the following elucidation:—

"I do not question, (altho' we find not any particular mention of this king's monument,) but that the abbot and monks of Reading erected a tomb answerable to the dignity of so magnificent a founder: but, well might the

memory thereof perish, and be buried in the rubbish of oblivion, when the bones of this prince could not enjoy repose in the grave, (not more happy in a quiet sepulchre than the two Norman Williams, his father and brother,) but were, upon the suppression of the religious houses, in the reign of King Henry VIII., thrown out, to make room for a stable of horses, and the whole monastery converted to a dwelling-house."

The remains of the abbey at Reading, with a notice of its history, will be found in the *Mirror*, vol. xxvii., p. 391.

STEPHEN.

Equally scanty are our records of this king's burial-place. Stow, (as quoted above,) tells us that "the king, whilst at Dover, was taken with a sodaine paine of the Iliacke passion, and there, in the house of the monkes, died the 25th October, (1154.) He founded (among others) the Abbaie of Feversham."

In Baker's *Chronicles*, (as quoted above,) is a similar record.

Sandford, (as quoted above,) is more communicative, thus:—

"King Stephen died in the monastery at Dover, 25th Oct., 1154, when he had ruled 18 years and 11 months, and was interred in the monastery of Feversham, in Kent, which he and his queen had founded; with the said queen his wife, and Prince Eustace his son, who deceased but a short time before him. There his body remained in quiet until the dissolution of the abbey, when, for so small a gain as the lead coffin wherein it was wrapped, it was taken up, and thrown into the next water."—*Vide* book 1, chap. 6, page 53.

Public Journals.

LORD BROUGHAM.

By the Author of the Great Metropolis, &c.

LORD BROUGHAM is certainly the greatest man, taken all in all, which this country has in modern times produced. His career, as a judge, was but short; but the situation he held during that short period was the highest which a subject can fill; and he held it in a most eventful era in our civil and political history. As a barrister, and as a member of the House of Commons, the name of Henry Brougham was as familiar to the public ear and eye as that of Lord Brougham now is, or ever can be. His practice at the bar was extensive; it was very lucrative also. I am confident that, for ten or twelve years previous to his elevation to the bench, it could not have averaged less than 15,000*l.* per annum. He was retained in almost all important cases. It was only in these, indeed, that he appeared to advantage. No two men could be more unlike each other than was Henry

Brougham in a case of limited interest and in one of commanding importance. To cases of an unimportant kind he never could apply his mind. How striking the contrast when he appeared in an important case, especially if it was one involving any great principle of civil or religious liberty! On such occasions Brougham far exceeded, in the talent and energy he displayed, any man who has practised at the bar for the last quarter of a century. He usually rose in a calm and collected manner, enunciated a few sentences in a subdued tone, expressive of the sense he entertained of the importance of the task he had undertaken, and solicited the indulgence of the jury, while he trepassed on their attention for a short time. He then proceeded in slow accents and in measured sentences, to develop the generalities of the case, gradually rising in animation of manner and increasing the loudness of his voice and the rapidity of his utterance, until he arrived at the most important parts of his subject. The first indication he usually gave of having reached those points in his speech to which he meant to apply all the energies of his mind, was that of pulling his gown further up on his shoulders, and putting his tall, gaunt figure into as erect and commanding a posture as he could assume without endangering his equilibrium. Then came his vehement gesticulation—the rapid movement of his right arm, with an occasional twisture of his left hand, and the turning and twisting of his body into every variety of form. His eye, which before was destitute of fire, and his features, which were composed and placid as those of a marble statue, were now pressed as auxiliaries into the service of his client. His eye flashed with the fire of one whose bosom heaved with tumultuous emotions, and the whole expression of his face was that of a man whose mind was worked up to the utmost intensity of feeling. And this was really the case with Brougham wherever the interests of his client were identified with some great principle. His principles, unlike those of barristers in general, were really a part of his nature. In vindicating or asserting them, therefore, in the person of his client, he was, in point of fact, repelling some outrage which had been offered to himself.

To have seen him in some of these moods was truly a spectacle worthy of the name. It was only on such occasions that any accurate estimate could be formed of the vast resources of his mind. He then poured from his lips strains of the loftiest order of eloquence. Idea followed idea, principle succeeded principle, illustration accompanied illustration, with a rapidity which was astonishing. One moment he was strictly argumentative—the next declamatory. Now he stated in winning language and in an engaging manner, whatever was in favour of his client—then he in-

veighed, in the fiercest strains and in tones which resounded through the place in which he spoke, against that client's opponent. In such moments there would have been something absolutely withering to him against whom his denunciations were directed, in the orator's very countenance, even had he not uttered a word. His dark bristly hair stood on end, or at least appeared to do so. His brow was knit. There was a piercing stare and wildness in his eye; and his sallow complexion and haggard features altogether presented an aspect which it was frightful to behold. The jury on such occasions often forgot the purpose for which they had been called to court: they forgot the case in the advocate. He diverted their minds from the subject matter before them to himself. They lost sight, for the moment, of the merits of the case they were impanelled to decide, in their boundless admiration of the gigantic talents and brilliant eloquence of the speaker. A gentleman who knew the late Mr. Hazlitt well, lately mentioned to me, that when Mr. Hazlitt was a reporter for the *Morning Chronicle*, Lord Plunket, then Mr. Plunket, made so brilliant and overpowering a speech, on one occasion, in the House of Commons, in favour of Catholic Emancipation, that he sat entranced for a full half hour, without taking a single note. He forgot, for the time, as he himself used to say, that he was a reporter. The jury often, in some of Brougham's happier efforts, forgot, for the time, that they were jurymen. In the court not a breath was to be heard; all was still, save his own powerful, though somewhat harsh voice. In his denunciations of witnesses whose testimony had made against the case of his client, he was terrible. They have often been known literally to quail and totter on their legs under his invective. And yet, notwithstanding all the vehemence of his manner, and the intensity of passion into which he worked himself, his speeches, though sometimes purposely wandering from the principal point before the court, were as well arranged, and every sentence was as correctly constructed—that is to say, according to the massy and involved style which he always preferred—as they could have been had he been speaking in the calmest and most collected manner. He seldom displayed much legal knowledge; and though he could, on occasion, argue closely, he very rarely, in his greatest efforts, exhibited much of argumentative acuteness. He disdained, indeed, when he threw his whole soul into his speeches, to be fettered by what he considered in such a case the trammels of law or logic. Hence he could not so well be said to have gained the great triumphs he so often achieved at the bar by convincing, as by confounding the jury,—just as we often see a person silenced rather than convinced by the dexterity of a skilful

disputant. It is in this way alone that the fact is to be accounted for, that he often exerted a verdict from the jury in favour of his client, when it was equally notorious to the bench and to every professional gentleman in court, that all the law and the argument were on the opposite side.

But I must not occupy too much space in speaking of Brougham as a barrister. It is time I should glance at him in his capacity of a judge. Some men's greatness comes unexpectedly on them. It was so with Mr. Brougham. Two days before he was in possession of the great seal, he had not, I believe, the remotest idea of ever being raised to the dignity of Lord Chancellor. Possibly some of my readers may recollect, that eight days before his elevation, he mentioned in the House of Commons, that the circumstance of the dissolution of the Wellington government, which had then taken place, would not induce him to postpone the motion of which he had given notice on negro slavery more than a few days, adding, that his position could not possibly be affected by any new administration which might be formed. Some persons have doubted his sincerity in this observation, intimating that he must have known at the time, that he was to be included in the ministerial arrangements which were then in embryo. I am able, from a private source of information, to bear testimony to Mr. Brougham's candour and plain dealing, when he made the remark in question. On the following day he accepted a retainer from a country attorney, in a case of some importance, which should have come on in a few days afterwards. This he would not have done if aware that the great seal was so near his grasp. By the time the day appointed for his moving in the case had arrived the seals were offered to him, and he had agreed to accept them, though not yet formally in his possession. He consequently took no steps in the case referred to. Surprised and indignant at this, the attorney took him severely to task for what he called his improper neglect of his professional duty. "You'll come and take breakfast with me to-morrow morning, when I'll explain the reason of the seeming neglect," said the embryo Lord Chancellor. The attorney accepted the invitation, and breakfasted with Brougham next morning. The former resorted to the inconvenience and disappointment caused by his not taking the particular step in the case alluded to. "I am sure you will excuse me when you know the reason. I am now Lord Chancellor of England. I last night received the great seal," said Brougham. The honour of being the first to breakfast with Brougham, after his elevation to the chancellorship, reconciled the country attorney to the disappointment of the non-procedure in his action.

Lord Brougham, as a judge, gave much greater satisfaction than was generally expected. It was thought that his constitutional precipitancy, joined to a deficiency of Chancery knowledge, would have incapacitated him for the important office. In this, however, people were mistaken. He was not so hot and hasty on the bench as he had been at the bar and in the senate,—though his constitutional infirmities in this respect did occasionally show themselves, even on the seat of justice. He carefully applied himself to the merits of every case which came before him, and soon showed with what rapidity he could acquire the quantity of Chancery knowledge requisite to enable him to discharge the duties of his office as judge, in at least a respectable manner.

Perhaps no Lord Chancellor ever presided in Chancery who applied himself more assiduously and unremittingly to the discharge of the duties which devolved upon him, than did Lord Brougham. The amount of physical, not to speak of mental labour, he underwent during the greater part of his Chancellorship, was truly astonishing. For many consecutive months did he sit from ten till four o'clock in that court, hearing and disposing of the cases before it. And on returning home from the House of Lords, after having sat for hours on the woolsack, he immediately applied all the energies of his mind to the then pending cases before the court. The best proof of this is to be found in the fact, that possessing, in a degree seldom equalled, and certainly never surpassed, the power of extemporaneous speaking, he wrote, on particular occasions, his judgments, and then read them in the court. I might also advert, in proof of Lord Brougham's extraordinary application to the duties of his office, to the fact of his having, in two or three years, got rid of the immense accumulation of arrear cases which were in the Court of Chancery when he was first entrusted with the great seal. It is not, however, necessary to allude particularly to this, as it is already so well known.

Lord Brougham had a great horror of hearing the interminable speeches which some of the junior counsel were in the habit of making, after he conceived every thing had been said which could be said on the real merits of the case before the court by the gentlemen who preceded them. His hints to them to be brief on such occasions, were sometimes extremely happy. I recollect, that after listening with the greatest attention to the speeches of two counsel on one side, from ten o'clock till half-past two, a third arose to address the court on the same side. His lordship was quite unprepared for this additional infliction, and exclaimed, "What! Mr. A—, are you really going to speak on the same side?"

"Yes, my lord, I mean to trespass on your lordship's attention for a short time."

"Then," said his lordship, looking the orator significantly in the face, and giving a sudden twitch of his nose, "then, Mr. A—, you had better cut your speech as short as possible, otherwise you must not be surprised if you see me dozing; for really, this is more than human nature can endure."

The youthful barrister took the hint: he kept closely to the point at issue—a thing very rarely done by barristers—and condensed his arguments into a reasonable compass.

Metropolitan.

Manners and Customs.

THE MORRICE DANCE.

This celebrated English pastime is traced by etymologists and antiquarian writers to Moorish origin. Blount explains the derivation of the term as follows: "*Morisco*, Span., a Moor; also, a dance, so called, wherein there were usually five men, and a boy dressed in a girl's habit, whom they called the Maid Marrión, or perhaps, Morian, from the Italian Morione, a head-piece, because her head was wont to be gaily trimmed up. Common people call it a Morris Dance." Dr. Johnson defines it to be a dance "in which bells are ginkled, or staves or swords clashed," which "was learned by the Moors, and was, probably, a kind of Pyrrhick, or military dance." We are not prepared to gainsay the great lexicographer's derivation, though it does not assimilate with the pastoral associations of our morrice dance, which, in the worst spirit of party zeal, has been anathemized as a relic of paganism.

The morrice dance is generally considered to have been introduced into this country during the middle ages, as Mr. Donce thinks, in the reign of Edward III., by John of Gaunt, on his return from Spain. It does not appear to have been exclusively a May game, though the principal character in the dance, or Maid Marian, was styled the Queen of May. The pastime, however, became the liveliest portion of parochial festivals generally; and, especially, of weddings and Whitsun-ales. Shakspeare, in *Henry V.*, refers to "the English Whitsun morrice dance" in a comparison which denotes it to have been a common amusement in his time. In earlier ages, it formed part of the games of Robin Hood; for, it should be observed that, although the morrice dance was sometimes performed by itself, it was much more frequently joined to processions and pageants. At this period, Robin Hood, Little John, Friar Tuck, Maid Marian, the fool, and the piper, were the principal characters; to which were afterwards added the Hobby-horse, or a Dragon. Of this dance an excellent illustration was preserved for many years

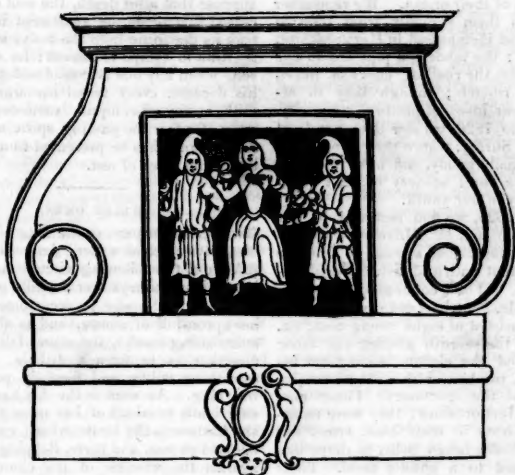
upon a large painted window in an old mansion at Uxbridge, in the compartments of which were represented the several dancers, with a fidelity which would be creditable to modern art.

In the olden dance, the part of Maid Marian was very properly performed by a female; but this practice was subsequently discontinued, and the Maid was personated by an effeminate young man; a change which appears to have lowered the character of the pastime to buffoonery.

We do not find in the churchwardens' books of any parish, entries of the Morrice dance earlier than the reign of Henry VII. At this period, the dancers were dressed in gilt and leather and silver paper, and sometimes in coats of white and spangled fustian. Bells, to the number of thirty or forty, hung from their garters, and purses were stuck in their girdles. The bells were not merely worn as ornaments, but for their musical accompaniment in the dance. "These bells were of unequal sizes, and differently denominated, as the fore-bell, the second bell, the treble, the tenor or great bell, and mention is made of double bells. In the third year of Queen Elizabeth, two dozen of morrice bells were estimated at one shilling."⁸ The principal dancer was more superbly habited than his companions, as appears from a passage in an old play, *The Blind Beggar of Bethnal Green*, by John Day, 1659, wherein it is said of one of the characters: "he wants no clothes, for he hath a cloak laid on with gold lace, and an embroidered jerkin; and thus he is marching hither like the foreman of a morris."

Although the etymon of morrice appears to settle the origin of the dance to be Moorish, Mr. Strutt refers it to another source, namely, the fool's dance, or a dance performed by persons equipped in the dresses appropriated to the fools, and which formed a part of the pageant belonging to the Festival of Fools. A vestige of this dance is preserved in the Bodleian Library, written and illuminated in the reign of Edward III., and completed in 1344. In this illustration, the dancers are five in number, and wear grotesque "fool's caps;" and the musicians, two in number, play the regals and the bagpipes. Their dress resembles that of the dancers, and corresponds with the habit of the court fool at that period. Hence, Mr. Strutt observes: "I make no doubt, the morrice dance, which afterwards became exceedingly popular in this country, originated from the fool's dance; and thence we trace the bells which characterized the morrice dance." Mr. Strutt conceives the supposed origin of the dance from the Moors to be an error, as "the *Morisco* or

⁸ *Archæologia*, vol. 1, p. 15. See also the *Witch of Edmonton*, a tragic-comedy, by William Rowley, printed in 1658.



("The Three Morrice Dancers," Old Change.)

Moor Dance is exceedingly different from the morrice dance formerly practised in this country; it being performed by the castanets, or rattles, at the end of the fingers, and not with bells attached to various parts of the dress."

"In a comedy called *Variety*, printed in 1649, we meet with this passage: 'like a Bacchanalian, dancing the Spanish Morisco, with knackers at his fingers.' This dance was usually, I believe, performed by a single person, which by no means agrees with the morrice dance. Sir John Hawkins observes that, within the memory of persons living, a saraband danced by a Moor constantly formed part of the entertainment at a puppet-show; and this dance was always performed with the castanets. I shall not pretend to investigate the derivation of the word morrice; though probably it might be found at home: it seems, however, to have been applied to the dance in modern times, and, I trust, long after the festival to which it originally belonged was done away and had nearly sunk into oblivion."

Although the painted window at Uxbridge, already mentioned, is the most complete illustration of the morrice dance, there existed, till lately, other records to prove the popularity of the pastime, in our own age. Our Engraving is confirmation strong; it being copied from a stone which was formerly the sign of a public-house in Old Change, Cheapside, London. This house was No. 36 in the street, and the second north of the church of St. Augustine and St. Faith, a few doors from the point at

* Sports and Pastimes. Hone's edition, 1833.

which Old Change crosses Watling-street. Thither, a few days since, we wended our way, but, in vain, "wandere'd up and down" to find "the stone." The baker knew it not, and his neighbours were equally ignorant; of the hostelry, or old inn, we saw not a vestige, unless the wagon-yards, for which Old Change is noted, be considered a transformation of time, and flaring wine-vaults be the representative of old English comfort. At length, we "lit upon" an intelligent hairdresser, with a spice of the Caxon in him, by whom we were referred to a bootmaker in a neighbouring street, who was born in the identical house "the Three Morrice Dancers." From him we learned that the public-house was in existence a century since, that it was taken down about thirty-six years since, and on its site were built premises, which have since been occupied as warehouses. The stone, therefore, bore probably, contemporary portraits of morrice dancers; but, of its destination on the rebuilding of the house we could learn no trace. Oddly enough, in our perigrination, we met an acquaintance also born in Old Change, and who remembers "the Three Morrice Dancers" as a house of note; and just at the corner of the street we encountered a company of May-day sweeps, in all their sooty glory, which has made us suspect the partial if not entire identity of the morrice dance and the sweeps' Saturnalia.

Troops of morrice dancers may, probably, be seen in some parts of the country to this day, even at the very hour writing the

hasty sketch of their origin. We remember to have seen them annually, from 1808 to 1815, at Hemel Hempstead, in Hertfordshire, on May-day: the tabor and pipe are in our ears, as is also the rustling finery of tinsel, paper, and ribbons; though they ill accord with our ideas of pastoral simplicity. From 1815 to 1820, we saw them yearly at Dorking, in Surrey, where their grotesqueness was equally gaudy, and alike too artificial for the rural scenery of that long-loved country of our youth.

In June, 1826, we find recorded by our pains-taking friend, Mr. Hone's *Every-day-book*, the appearance of a troop of Morrice Dancers in that antirural district, Goswell-street road. The communicant signs, J. R. P. (? Mr. Planché,) and states that the company consisted of eight young men, viz. six dancers, the seventh playing the tabor and pipe, and the eighth bearing on his breast a flat tin box, with a slit to receive the pence of the spectators. These men came from Hertfordshire: they wore many-coloured ribbons in their hats, arms, and knees, with small latten bells, in shape like those attached to a child's coral. Their dance, or set-to, consisted of a *vis-a-vis*; they turned, re-turned, clapped hands before and behind, jerked the knee and foot alternately, and so tripped it on an area of London mud. Since this period we do not find any record of "the Morrice"—

"For O, for O, the Hobby Horse is forgot."

The reader, who is desirous of comparing the figures in the Fools' Dance with those of the Morrice above, may gratify his curiosity by turning to our twenty-third volume, page 56, where is an engraved representation of the curious Dance from the Feast of Fools.

INDIAN BREAKFAST.

AN Indian breakfast, (says Miss Roberts,) is allowed to be an unrivalled repast; and it is to be found in as full perfection in the midst of a desert, as in the city of Calcutta. Indian servants never permit their masters to regret the want of regular kitchens: all places appear to be the same to them. Fish of every kind,—fresh, dried, pickled, or preserved; delicate fricassees, rissoles, croquettes, omelettes, and curries of all descriptions; cold meats, and game of all sorts; patés, jellies, and jams from London and Lucknow; fruits and sweetmeats; with cakes in endless variety, splendidly set out in china, cut-glass, and silver, the guests providing their own tea-cups, plates, &c.

FRENCH SUPERSTITION.

THE following singular superstition exists in the department of Indre, in France:—They

suppose that after death, the soul of the deceased flits about the apartment in which it took its departure from the body, seeking an aperture to escape to heaven; for which reason, when any one is considered to be near his decease, every vessel containing water, milk, or any other liquid, is removed carefully away, for fear the passing spirit should fall into it, and thus be prevented from reaching its eternal place of rest.

WELSH OMEN.

GWRACH-Y-RHIBYN, or the Hag of the Dribble, (says a recent writer,) derives her strange title from the following circumstances:—In her various journeys over the hills, on her evil-hodding errands, she is accustomed to carry her apron full of stones, and as often as her apron-string breaks, the stones fall in such a direction as to form a dribble. There is something wildly and fearfully poetical in the Hag. As soon as the day has declined sufficiently to admit of her unseen progress, she hastens to the house which contains the doomed person, and there, flapping her wings against the window of the chamber, calls upon the sick person by name, in a hollow, broken voice, thus: A-a-a-nni-i-i! (Anni.) This visitation rarely occurs in any place but on the mountain, or in the morass; the terrors of the prediction being heightened in proportion to the wildness and loneliness of the scene. The *Bodach-glas* of Scotland, the *Banshee* of Ireland, and the *Gwrach-y-Rhibyn* of Wales, appear to be invested with one and the same ominous power.

SPINNING.

IN Bohemia, (says Mr. Strang,) each female, from the maid-servant to the mistress, has a spinning-wheel; and every good housewife spins within her establishment all the linen articles necessary for her household.

New Books.

THE CHURCHES OF LONDON.

[THIS respectable work proceeds with even excellence in its graphic and literary departments. No. 2 completes the description of St. Paul's Cathedral, with views of the exterior, S. W., and the choir; and three clever wood-cuts of the monuments to Nelson, Cornwallis, and Bishop Heber. No. 3 contains two views and the descriptive history of]

St. Bartholomew the Great, Smithfield;

An interesting structure of the 12th century, founded by Rahere, a master of court ceremonies, who repented of his sins, undertook a pilgrimage to Rome, there fell sick, and vowed on his recovery, to found a hospital for poor men. Being reinstated, and on his

return to England to fulfil his promise, St. Bartholomew is said to have appeared to him in a vision, and to have commanded him to build a church in his name, offering, at the same time, to assist him in the undertaking. Rahere agreed to the compact, and, having reached London, he first obtained the royal consent, as the spot pointed out in the vision was the King's market.]

The spot selected for the site of the church—although according to the M.S. it had been previously pointed out in a singular manner to Edward the Confessor as proper for a place of prayer—was a mere marsh, for the most part covered by water; while on that portion which was not so, stood the common gallows.* Rahere's power of rendering himself agreeable, it appears, had not left him: for it seems that by assuming the manners of an idiot and consorting with the lower order of persons, he procured so much help, that, notwithstanding the difficulties interposed by the badness of the situation, the church was speedily finished, to the great astonishment of those who had not watched his proceedings: and having then gathered together a number of pious men, he bound them by certain regulations, established them in buildings which he had erected adjoining the church, and became their prior.

Matthew Paris describes a singular fracas which occurred in the priory, about one hundred years after its foundation, between the Archbishop of Canterbury, and the sub-prior and canons of the church. The Archbishop, it appears, in his visitation came to St. Bartholomew's, and was received with all suitable honours; but was told by the sub-prior, that having a learned bishop to whom they submitted, they ought not, in contempt of him, to be visited by any other: this so much enraged the prelate that he assaulted the sub-prior and struck him on the face: then with many oaths "he rent in pieces the rich cope of the sub-prior and trod it under his feet, and thrust him against a pillar of the chancel with such violence that he had almost killed him:" the canons, seeing this, came to his rescue, and the Archbishop's attendants also coming up, a general conflict ensued, and the city was disturbed by the uproar.

According to Stow it would appear that the churchyard of the priory was resorted to at certain periods by the youths frequenting the various schools in the metropolis, for the purpose of literary disputations; when certain individuals, after the fashion of the bouts and tourneys, maintained the field against all comers,—using the tongue, however, instead of the lance. He says, "I myself in my youth, have yearly seen (on the

* The Elms in Smithfield continued to be the place of execution for some centuries after the erection of the priory.—*Vetusta Monumenta*.

eve of St. Bartholomew the Apostle) the scholars of divers grammar-schools repair into the churchyard of St. Bartholomew, the priory in Smithfield, where (upon a bank boarded about under a tree, some one scholar hath stepped up, and there hath opposed and answered, till he were by some better scholar overcome and put down: and then the over-comer taking the place, did like as the first; and in the end, the best opposers and answerers had rewards; which I observed not; but it made both good schoolmasters and good scholars (diligently against such times) to prepare themselves for the obtaining of this garland."

[Connected with the priory is noticed the]

Origin of Bartholomew Fair.

Stow and other writers say that Henry II. granted to the prior and canons of St. Bartholomew the privilege of holding a Fair annually at Bartholomew-tide for three days; namely, on the eve, the fête day of the Saint, and the day after; but according to the *Vetusta Monumenta* it appears that this fair had been established previous to his reign; for a charter from Henry I. conveying certain immunities to the priory, is referred to, wherein "free peace is granted" by that monarch to all persons frequenting the fair of St. Bartholomew. To this mart originally resorted clothiers and drapers, not merely of England, but of all countries, who there exposed their goods for sale. The stalls, or booths were within the walls of the priory churchyard, the gates of which were locked each night, and a watch was set in order to protect the various wares. It is hardly necessary to remind the reader that the street on the north side of the church is still called Cloth Fair.

During the continuance of the fair, a "Court of Pie-powder" was held, to do justice expeditiously among the numerous persons who resorted thereto. The name is supposed by some to have been derived from *pie* and *poudre*, (having reference to the dusty feet of the suitors) and by another from *pie* and *pudreux*, a pedlar, in old French, and therefore expressing the court of such as resort to fairs.

[Among the various possessions of the priory was a place of considerable interest, namely, the manor of]

Canonbury at Islington,

Or Isendone, as it is termed in the Doomsday survey, which, it is believed, was presented thereto by Sir Ralph de Berners, in the reign of Edward III. Canonbury was chosen as a country residence for the prior of the Canons of St. Bartholomew, and a mansion was built there by them: on which occasion it has been supposed, it first took the name of *Canons-bury*; *bury* being syno-

= 28.71 - 470.
+ 20.77 - 137.

nymous with *bower*, or *burgh*, a dwelling.* It continued in their occupancy until the dissolution of monasteries by Henry VIII., when, devolving to the king, it was bestowed on Lord Cromwell; but it soon afterwards reverted to the crown.

Of the more ancient portions of the mansion none remain: the existing brick tower was built either by Bolton, the last prior but one, or shortly after his time, as his rebus or device,—a *bolt*, or arrow for the crossbow, and a *fun*,—appears several times on that, as well as on those portions of the park walls which remain.† In later times this tower was the residence of several literary men; Chambers, the author of the *Cyclopædia*, died there, and Dr. Goldsmith, it is said, lodged in it while writing some of his works.‡ A silly notion at one time prevailed that there was formerly a subterranean communication between Canonbury House, and the priory of St. Bartholomew. Similar vulgar and absurd stories are current at most of the large monasteries:—as Malmesbury, Netley, Glastonbury, &c.

[The church is then concisely described, and the existing remains of the priory, as investigated by the late Mr. Carter, the indefatigable antiquarian architect, are briefly noticed, with a fine woodcut of a Norman chamber, termed "purgatory." The plates are clever and effective; especially that of the tower of the church seen through the beautiful arch in Smithfield—a pretty bit of the picturesque.]

No. 4 is devoted to]

St. Sepulchre's Church,

Skinner-street, supposed to have been originally founded in the 12th century. The church was rebuilt about the middle of the 15th century, nearly destroyed in the Great Fire of 1666, and subsequently repaired by Wren. Among the beauties of the church, we take to be the principal entrance from Skinner-street, which is a fine porch, having a groined ceiling, with ribs in very bold relief, and bosses at the intersections carved to represent angels' heads, shields, roses, &c., in elaborate variety. The venerable tower with its four tall pinnacles, as Malcolm says, "one of the most ancient in the outline in the circuit of London," is the principal and most pleasing feature of the exterior. It is a portion of the rebuilt church in the fifteenth century; the vanes and pinnacles are more modern than the tower, although these were built long before the Fire, as appears by a record of the repair of one of the pinnacles, in 1630. Every London reader must remember this tower in

* Select Views of London and its Environs, vol. i., London, 1804.

† William Bolton built anew the manor-house of Canonbury at Islington.—Styrie's *Stow*, vol. i.

‡ Select Views, at *supra*. See also *Prior's Life*, &c., of Oliver Goldsmith: 2 vols. 8vo, 1836.

the views of his dear city; its height is 140 feet; from the elevation of the site, it is a very commanding object, though in beauty, it must, we think, yield to the more massive tower of St. Saviour, Southwark. The plates of this Number are the interior of the porch, and the exterior, from Skinner-street, showing, by the way, St. Stephen's chapel, a portion of the original church, and now used as a Sunday school. There is likewise a woodcut of Wren's heavy interior.

At the back of the pulpit, in the centre of the church at the east end, there is a singular sounding-board, in the shape of a large parabolic reflector, about twelve feet in diameter, which extends over the preacher; and, by collecting those pulses of sound which would otherwise be dissipated above and behind the speaker, and reflecting them into the body of the church, assists the voice. It is constructed of ribs of mahogany, so arranged, that the grain of the wood radiates all ways from the centre, and the face of it is varnished. This was put up on the appointment of the present vicar, the Rev. J. Natt, by Mr. Elliot.

At the west end of the church, and extending over the ambulatory, is an organ of great size, said to be the oldest and one of the finest in London.§ It was built in 1677, by Renatus, Harris, and Byfield, and has forty stops; of which those representing the hautboy, clarionet, &c., termed the reed stops, are supposed to be unequalled ||

[Throughout the *Churches of London* are scattered incidental notices of tombs, and their inscriptions a feature likely to contribute to the popularity of the work, *ex. gr.*]

Within the church are several monuments and monumental stones, dating from the commencement of the sixteenth century, but there are none which require especial mention. Captain John Smith, Governor of Virginia, who, according to Granger, may be ranked with the most eminent travellers of his day, was buried here in 1631. Of his adventures, which, from his own account in a work he published, were most romantic and chivalrous, his epitaph as recorded by Stow, may give some idea.

"Here lyes one conquered, that hath conquered Kings.

Subdued large territories, and done things Which to the world, impossible would seem.

But that the truth, is held in more esteem.

Shall I report his former service done,

In honour of his God and Christendom?

How that he did divide, from Pagans three,

Their heads and lives, types of his Chivalry?—

For which great service, in that climate done,

§ The oldest organ now in England is supposed to be that in Exeter Cathedral, which was erected by John Loosemore in the years 1664 and 1665. See Britton's *History of Exeter Cathedral*, p. 192, for some interesting particulars relating to organs.

|| A set of double open pipes has been lately added to this organ, which were used in the instrument erected for the last great musical festival at Westminster Abbey. The organist here is Mr. Cooper.

Brave Sigismundus, King of Hungarion,
Did give him as a Coat of Arms to wear,
These conquered heads, got by his sword and
appear :—

Or shall I tell of his adventure since,
Drove in Virginia, that large continent ?
How that he subdued kings unto his yoke,
And made those heathens flee, as wind doth
smoke ;

And made their land, being of so large a station,
An habitation for our Christian nation :
Where God is glorify'd, their wants supply'd ;
Which else, for necessities, must have dy'd.
But what avails his conquests, now he lies
Interred in earth, a prey to worms and flies ?
Oh may his soul in sweet Elysium sleep,
Until the Keeper, that all souls doth keep,
Return to Judgment : and that after thence
With angels he may have his recompence !"

[Of "the Bell" of St. Sepulchre, so fraught
with melancholy association with our blood-
stained criminal laws, we find a few particu-
lars, to which some information from one
of our old Correspondents would not have
been, we trust, an unworthy note.† Appended
to this Number are a few allusions to the
memorials in the immediate neighbourhood
of St. Sepulchre's Church, as Smithfield, &c.]

Nearly opposite Giltspur-street Compter,
and adjoining Cock lane, (rendered in some
degree famous by the ghost imposture of
1762) is the spot once called Pye-Corner,
near which terminated the devastating Fire
of London in 1666. At No. 12, Green Ar-
bour-court,† the justly-renowned Goldsmith,
wrote "The Traveller," and others of his
inimitable works :§ and A. D. 1551, Camden,
the learned historian and antiquary, was born
in the Old Bailey ||

On Snow Hill stood a conduit, which is
described as a building with four equal sides,
ornamented with Corinthian columns and
pediment, surmounted by a pyramid, on
which was a lamb—a rebus on the name of
Lamb, from whose conduit in Red Lion-
street, the water came.¶

* Captain John Smith was born at Willoughby, in
the county of Lincoln, and flourished in the reigns
of Elizabeth and James I. During the war in Hun-
gary, when he overcame three Turks in single com-
bat, as recorded in the epitaph, Sigismund, Duke of
Transylvania, gave him his picture set in gold, and a
pension of 300 ducats. Smith afterwards went to
America, where he was taken prisoner by the In-
dians, but contrived ultimately to escape from them.
He had subsequently a considerable share in redu-
cing New England. He published a Map of Vir-
ginia, 1612. New England's Tryals, 4to. 1630. A
History of Virginia, New England, and the Summer
Isles, 1624 ; and Travels in Europe, &c., in 1630.
See Fuller's Worthies, and Description of London,
by Nightingale, vol. iii., p. 608. This epitaph no
longer remains in the church.

† See Mirror, vol. xiv., p. 259.

‡ There is reason to believe that this spot was the
site of a strong fort, or outwork, in front of the city ;
a Sea-coal-lane, at the bottom of Break-neck-stairs,
which lead out of Green-arbour-court towards Fleet-
market, are considerable remains of massive stone
walls.—Braxley's *Londoniana*, vol. ii. p. 227.

§ See Prior's Life of Goldsmith.

|| He died Nov. 9, 1633, and was buried in West-
minster Abbey Church.

¶ Whence Lamb's-conduit-street. This conduit
was with wise on the anniversary of the coronation

Very near to St. Sepulchre's Church stood
the entrance to the city, called New-Gate,
which, it has been supposed, from the re-
mains of the old Roman road (or Watling-
street) discovered when digging for the founda-
tions of Holborn Bridge after the Fire of
London, was on the site of one of the four
original gate built over the Roman way.*
The city was anciently surrounded by a stone
wall, (which was erected as a defence against
the Scots and Picts,) and in this there were
various posterns or gateways—Aldgate ;
Bishopsgate ; Ludgate ; and others. New-
gate, according to Stow, was first erected
about the reign of Henry I., in consequence
of the alteration made necessary in the roads
through the city, when the ground around
St. Paul's Cathedral was inclosed. This gate,
which from the earliest times was used as a
prison, was destroyed in the general conflagra-
tion of 1666. It was afterwards rebuilt
in a much more substantial manner, but was
entirely swept away in the year 1777 ; the
memory of it is still preserved by the present
prison which bears its name.††

[These few notes and quotations may
convey some notion of the character of the
work before us, to which the Bishop of Lon-
don has vouchsafed his patronage.]

of George I. 1737. In the following year an order
was issued for the destruction of all the City con-
duits, with a view, as it was supposed, to force the
public to have the water from the New River, &c.
laid on to their houses.—Malcolm's *Londonium Redi-
vium*, vol. iii., p. 599.

** Maitland's History, vol. i. p. 96.

†† The modern Newgate, built from the designs of
— Dance, Esq., before it was completed, was fired by
the mob during the riots caused by Lord George
Gordon, in June, 1780, and reduced to a mere shell.

× × ×

202.

Notes of a Reader.

MY ZOOLU HUT.

DEAR is that spot, however mean,

Which once we've called our own ;
And if 'twas snug, and neat, and close,
Our thoughts oft thither roam.

I see them now—those four low props,
That held the hay-stack o'er my head ;
The dusky frame-work from their tops,
Like a large mouse-trap, round me spread.

To stand erect I never tried,
For reasons you may guess ;
Full forty-seven feet my hut was wide,
Its height was nine feet less.

My furniture, a scanty store,
Some saddle-bags beside me laid ;
A hurdle used to close the door,
Raised upon stones, my table made.

And when my visitors arrived,
To sit, and prate, and stare ;
Of light and air at once deprived,
The heat I scarce could bear.

The solid ground my softest bed,
A mat my mattress made ;
The friendly saddle raised my head,
As in my cloak I laid.

The homely lizard harmless crept
Unnoticed through the door ;

And rats their gambols round me kept,
While sleeping on the floor.
Such was my humble Zoolu home,
And memory paints thee yet;
While life shall last, where'er I roam,
That hut I'll ne'er forget.
Capt. Gardiner's Journey in the Zoolu Country.

LORENZO DE MEDICI AT HIS VILLA.

LORENZO DE MEDICI sought in ancient learning something more elevated than the narrow, though necessary, researches of criticism. In a villa overhanging the towers of Florence, on the steep slope of that lofty hill crowned by the mother city, the ancient Fiesole, in gardens which Tully might have envied, with Ficino, Landino, and Politian at his side, he delighted his hours of leisure with the beautiful visions of Platonic philosophy, for which the summer stillness of an Italian sky appears the most congenial accompaniment.

Never could the sympathies of the soul with outward nature be more finely touched; never could more striking suggestions be presented to the philosopher and the statesman. Florence lay beneath them; not with all the magnificence that the later Medici have given her, but, thanks to the piety of former times, presenting almost as varied an outline to the sky. One man, the wonder of Cosmo's age, Brunelleschi, had crowned the beautiful city with the vast dome of its cathedral; a structure unthought of in Italy before, and rarely since surpassed. It seemed, amidst clustering towers of inferior churches, an emblem of the Catholic hierarchy under its supreme head; like Rome itself, imposing, unbroken, unchangeable, radiating in equal expansion to every part of the earth, and directing its convergent curves to heaven. Round this were numbered, at unequal heights, the Baptistery, with its gates worthy of Paradise; the tall and richly-decorated belfry of Giotto; the church of the Carmine, with the frescos of Masaccio; those of Santa Maria Novella, beautiful as a bride, of Santa Croce, second only in magnificence to the cathedral, and of St. Mark; the San Spirito, another great monument of the genius of Brunelleschi; the numerous convents that rose within the walls of Florence, or were scattered immediately about them. From these the eye might turn to the trophies of a republican government, that was rapidly giving way before the citizen prince who now surveyed them; the Palazzo Vecchio, in which the signory of Florence held their councils, raised by the Guelph aristocracy, the exclusive, but not tyrannous faction that long swayed the city; or the new and unfinished palace which Brunelleschi had designed for one of the Pitti family, before they fell, as others had already done, in the fruitless struggle against the house of Medici; itself destined to become the abode of the victorious

race, and to perpetuate, by retaining its name, the revolutions that had raised them to power.

The prospect, from an elevation, of a great city in its silence, is one of the most impressive, as well as beautiful, we ever beheld. But far more must it have brought home thoughts of seriousness to the mind of one who, by the force of events, and the generous ambition of his family, and his own, was involved in the dangerous necessity of governing without the right, and, as far as might be, without the semblance of power; one who knew the vindictive and unscrupulous hostility which, at home and abroad, he had to encounter. If thoughts like these could bring a cloud over the brow of Lorenzo, unfit for the object he sought in that retreat, he might restore its serenity by other scenes which his garden commanded. Mountains bright with various hues, and clothed with wood, bounded the horizon, and, on most sides, at no great distance; but ensconced in these were other villas and domains of his own; while the level country bore witness to his agricultural improvements, the classic diversion of a statesman's cares. The same curious spirit which led him to fill his garden at Careggi with exotic flowers of the east, the first instance of a botanical collection in Europe, had introduced a new animal from the same regions. Herds of buffaloes, since naturalized in Italy, whose dingy hide, bent neck, curved horns, and lowering aspect, contrasted with the greyish hue and full mild eye of the Tuscan oxen, pastured in the valley, down which the yellow Arno steals silently through its long reaches to the sea.—*Hallam.*

IMPORTANCE OF LEGAL STUDIES.

THE application of general principles of justice to the infinitely various circumstances which may arise in the disputes of men with each other is in itself an admirable discipline of the moral and intellectual faculties. Even where the primary rules of right and policy have been obscured in some measure by a technical and arbitrary system, which is apt to grow up, perhaps inevitably, in the course of civilization, the mind gains in precision and acuteness, though at the expense of some important qualities; and a people wherein an artificial jurisprudence is cultivated, requiring both a regard to written authority, and the constant exercise of a discriminating judgment upon words, must be deemed to be emerging from ignorance. Such was the condition of Europe in the twelfth century. The feudal customs, long unwritten, though laterly become more steady by tradition, were in some countries reduced into treatises: we have our own *Glanvill* in the reign of Henry II.; and in the next century, much was written upon the national laws in various parts of Europe.—*Hallam.*

LONDON.

Hyde Park in the afternoon—Rotten Row—the beautiful incognita—the principal distingue of London and the "beau-kuot"—a hired vehicle with an interesting party.

By N. P. Willis.

If you dine with all the world at seven, you will have still an hour or more for Hyde Park; and "Rotten Row;" this half mile between Oxford-street and Piccadilly, to which the fashion of London confines itself, as if the remainder of the bright green Park were forbidden ground, is now fuller than ever. There is the advantage in this condensed drive, that you are sure to see your friends here, earlier or later, in every day—for wherever you are to go with horses, the conclusion of the order to the coachman is, "home by the Park"—and then if there is any thing new in the way of an arrival, a pretty foreigner, or a fresh face from the country, some dandy's tiger leaves his master at the gate, and brings him at his club, over his coffee, all possible particulars of her name, residence, condition, and whatever other circumstances fall in his way. By dropping in at Lady——'s *soirée* in the evening, if you were interested in the face, you may inform yourself of more than you would have drawn in a year's acquaintance from the subject of your curiosity. *Maha-propose* to my remark, here comes a turn-out, concerning which and its occupant I have made many inquiries in vain—the pale-coloured chariot, with a pair of greys, dashing toward us from the Seymour-gate. As it comes by you will see, sitting quite in the corner, and in a very languid and elegant attitude, a slight woman of perhaps twenty-four, dressed in the simplest white cottage-bonnet that could be made, and, with her head down, looking up through heavy black eyelashes, as if she but waited till she had passed a particular object, to resume some engrossing reverie. Her features are Italian, and her attitude, always the same indolent one, has also a redolence of that land of repose; but there has been an English taste, and no ordinary one, in the arrangement of that equipage and its dependants; and by the expression never mistaken in London, of the well-appointed menials, you may be certain that both master and mistress, (if master there be,) exact no common deference. She is always alone, and not often seen in the Park; and whenever I have inquired of those likely to know, I found that she had been observed, but could get no satisfactory information. She disappears by the side toward the Regent's Park, and when once out of the gate, her horses are let off at a speed that distances all pursuit that would not attract observation. There is a look of "Who the deuce can it be?" in the faces of all the mounted dandies, wherever she passes, for it is a face which once seen

is not easily thought of with indifference, or forgotten. Immense as London is, a woman of any thing like extraordinary beauty would find it difficult to live there incognito a week; and how this fair incomprehensible has contrived to elude the curiosity of Hyde Park admiration, for nearly two years, is rather a marvel. There she goes, however, and without danger of being arrested for a flying highwayman you could scarcely follow.

It is getting late, and, as we turn down toward the clubs, we shall meet the last and most fashionable comers to the Park. Here is a horseman, surrounded with half a dozen of the first young noblemen of England. He rides a light bay horse with dark legs, whose delicate veins are like the tracery of silken threads beneath the gloss of his limbs, and whose small, animated head seems to express the very essence of speed and fire. He is the most beautiful park horse in England; and behind follows a high-bred milk-white poney, ridden by a small, faultlessly-dressed groom, who sits the spirited and fretting creature as if he anticipated every movement before the fine hoof rose from the ground. He rides admirably, but his master is more of a study. A luxuriance of black curls, escapes from the broad rim of a peculiar hat, and forms a relief to the small and sculpture-like profile of a face as perfect, by every rule of beauty, as the Greek Antinous. It would be too feminine but for the muscular neck and broad chest from which the head rises, and the indications of great personal strength in the Herculean shoulders. His loose coat would disguise the proportions of a less admirable figure; but, *en route*, his dress is without fold or wrinkle, and no *figurante* of the ballet ever showed finer or more skillfully developed limbs. He is one of the most daring in this country of bold riders; but modifies the stiff English school of equestrianism, with the ease and grace of that of his own country. His manner, though he is rather *Anglomane*, is in striking contrast to the grave and quiet air of his companions; and between his recognitions, right and left, to the passing promenaders, he laughs and amuses himself with the joyous and thoughtless gaiety of a child. Acknowledged by all his acquaintances to possess splendid talents, this "observed of all observers" is a singular instance of a modern Sybarite—content to sacrifice time, opportunity, and the highest advantages of mind and body, to the pleasure of the moment. He seems exempt from all the usual penalties of such a career. Nothing seems to do its usual work on him—care, nor exhaustion, nor recklessness, nor the disapprobation of the heavy-handed opinion of the world. Always gay, always brilliant, ready to embark at any moment, or at any hazard, in any thing that will amuse an hour,

one wonders how and where such an unwanted meteor will disappear.

But here comes a carriage without hamercloth or liveries; one of those shabby-genteel conveyances, hired by the week, containing three or four persons in the highest spirits, all talking and gesticulating at once. As the carriage passes the "beau-knot," (as —, and his inseparable troop are sometimes called,) one or two of the dandies spur up, and resting their hands on the windows, offer the compliments of the day to the only lady within, with the most earnest looks of admiration. The gentlemen in her company become silent, and answer to the slight bows of the cavaliers with foreign monosyllables, and presently the coachman whips up once more, the horsemen drop off, and the excessive gaiety of the party resumes its tone. You must have been struck, as the carriage passed, with the brilliant whiteness and regularity of the lady's teeth, and still more with the remarkable play of her lips, which move as if the blood in them were imprisoned lightning. (The figure is strong, but nothing else conveys to my own mind what I am trying to describe.) Energy, grace, fire, rapidity, and a capability of utter abandonment to passion and expression, live visibly on those lips. Her eyes are magnificent. Her nose is regular, with nostrils rimmed round with an expansive nerve, that gives them constantly the kind of animation visible in the head of a fiery Arab. Her complexion is one of those which, dark and wanting in brilliance by day, light up at night with an alabaster fairness; and when the glossy black hair, which is now put away so plainly under her simple bonnet, falls over her shoulders in heavy masses, the contrast is radiant. The gentlemen in that carriage are Rubini, Lablache, and a gentleman who passes for the lady's uncle; and the lady is *Julia Grisi*.

The smoke over the heart of the city begins to thicken into darkness, the gas-lamps are shooting up, bright and star-like, along the Kensington road, and the last promenaders disappear. And now the world of London, the rich and gay portion of it at least, enjoy that which compensates them for the absence of the bright nights and skies of Italy—a climate within doors, of comfort and luxury, unknown under brighter heavens.—*New York Mirror*.

The Gatherer.

Mr. Wilkins's National Gallery.—As for the National Gallery, the voice of artists, amateurs, and the public at large speaks, we believe, but one opinion—we, at least, have never heard a single word uttered in favour of the building, either *per se*, or considered

with reference to the magnificent position which it has been allowed to occupy.—*Quarterly Review*.

Byron and Landor. The poetry of Byron does not exhibit more wayward and untameable passion than the prose of Landor. Both of these fugitives to Italy are fond of parading their love of seclusion and their indifference to the opinion of their countrymen, sentiments which are sometimes sincere, but never when uttered in a loud or angry voice: they are then the efforts only of a proud spirit to transmute some vexation or disappointment which it cannot overcome. They who really love seclusion do not find it necessary to raise a quarrel with the world in order to reanimate their content; nor is the man who can live without the praise of others, very solicitous to convince them of the fact. "I," says Mr. Landor in one of his prefaces, "I, who never ask any thing of any man." A heartless boast, if true. He who is unable to receive, as well as to give, has learnt but the half of friendship.—*Ibid*.

All schools of philosophy, and almost all authors, are rather to be frequented for exercise than freight: but this exercise ought to acquire us health and strength, spirits and good humour. There is none of them that does not supply some truths useful to every man, and some untruths equally so to the few that are able to wrestle with them. If there were no falsehood in the world, there would be no doubt; if there were no doubt, there would be no inquiry; if no inquiry, no wisdom, no knowledge, no genius. Fancy herself would lie muffled up in her robe, inactive, pale, and bloated.—*Landor*.

Keepsakes.—If the friend is likely to be forgotten, can we believe that any thing he has about him will repose a longer time on the memory?—*Landor*.

Mistakes.—Dr. Young's theory of light was treated with the most sovereign contempt by Lord Brougham in the earlier numbers of the Edinburgh Review, and Dr. Young died without reaping the honour of it. The theory is now recognised as true; and M. Arago has formally vindicated Dr. Young from the noble critic's animadversions, in a discourse delivered at the Institute. Lord Byron, by the by, believed to his dying day that Lord Brougham was the reviewer of the Hours of Idleness—witness some well-known lines in one of the later cantos of Don Juan; but this, we believe, was quite a mistake.—*Quarterly Review*.

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